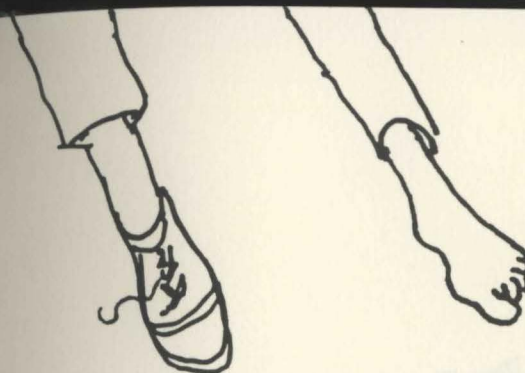




Falling Up

poems and stories by

Shel Silverstein

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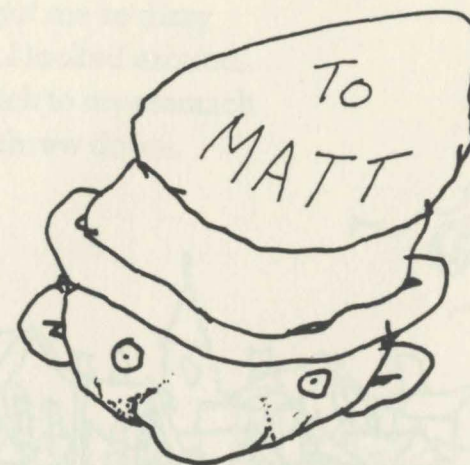
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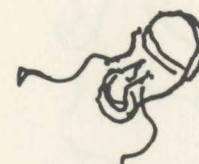
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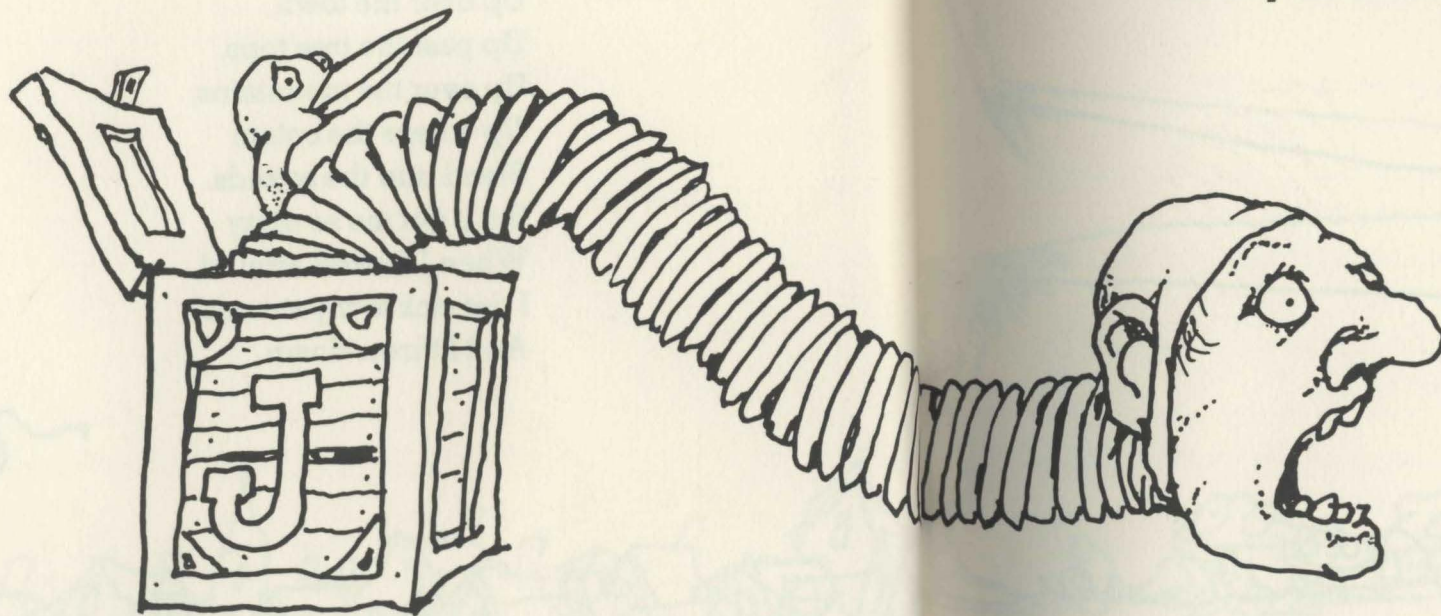
FALLING UP

I tripped on my shoelace
And I fell up—
Up to the roof tops,
Up over the town,
Up past the tree tops,
Up over the mountains,
Up where the colors
Blend into the sounds.
But it got me so dizzy
When I looked around,
I got sick to my stomach
And I threw down.



PLUGGING IN

Peg plugged in her 'lectric toothbrush,
Mitch plugged in his steel guitar,
Rick plugged in his CD player,
Liz plugged in her VCR.
Mom plugged in her 'lectric blanket,
Pop plugged in the TV fights,
I plugged in my blower-dryer—
Hey! Who turned out all the lights?



COMPLAININ' JACK

This morning my old jack-in-the-box
Popped out—and wouldn't get back-in-the-box.
He cried, "Hey, there's a tack-in-the-box,
And it's cutting me through and through.

"There also is a crack-in-the-box,
And I never find a snack-in-the-box,
And sometimes I hear a quack-in-the-box,
'Cause a duck lives in here too."

Complain, complain is all he did—
I finally had to close the lid.

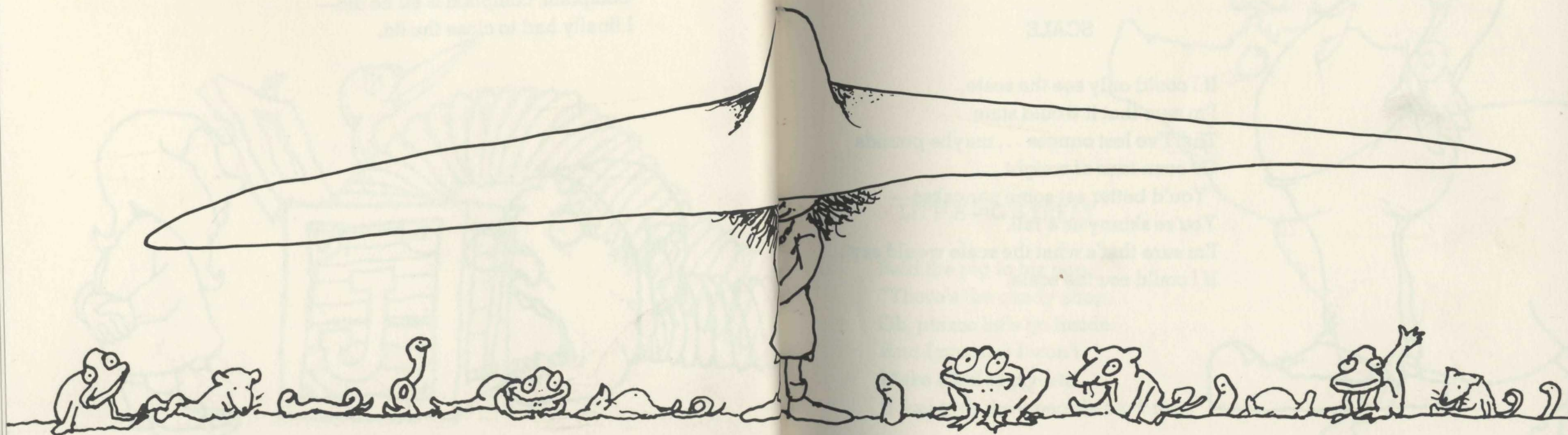


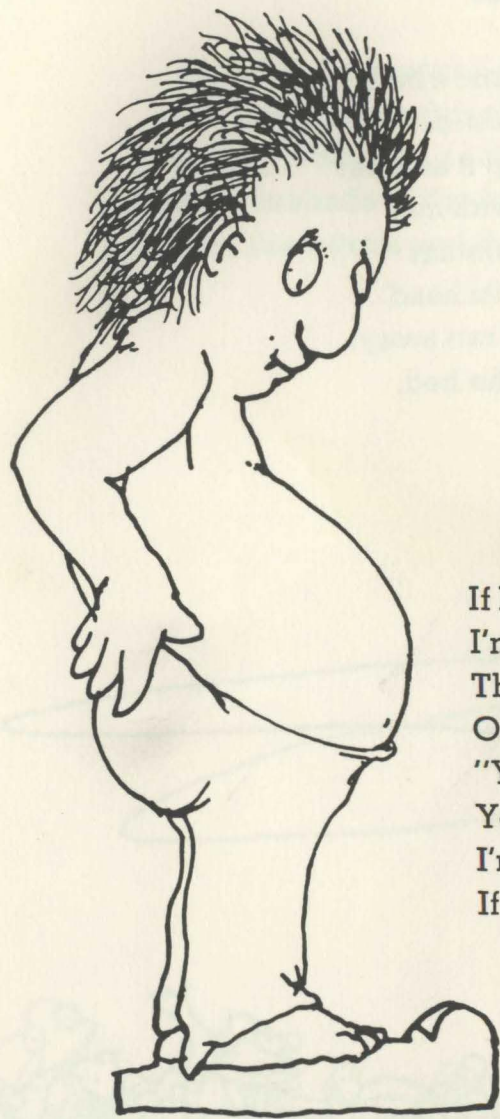
SUN HAT

Oh, what a sweet child is Hannah Hyde,
Oh, how thoughtful, oh, how nice,
To buy a hat with a brim so wide,
It gives shade to the frogs
And the worms and the mice.

SNOWBALL

I made myself a snowball
As perfect as could be.
I thought I'd keep it as a pet
And let it sleep with me.
I made it some pajamas
And a pillow for its head.
Then last night it ran away,
But first—it wet the bed.





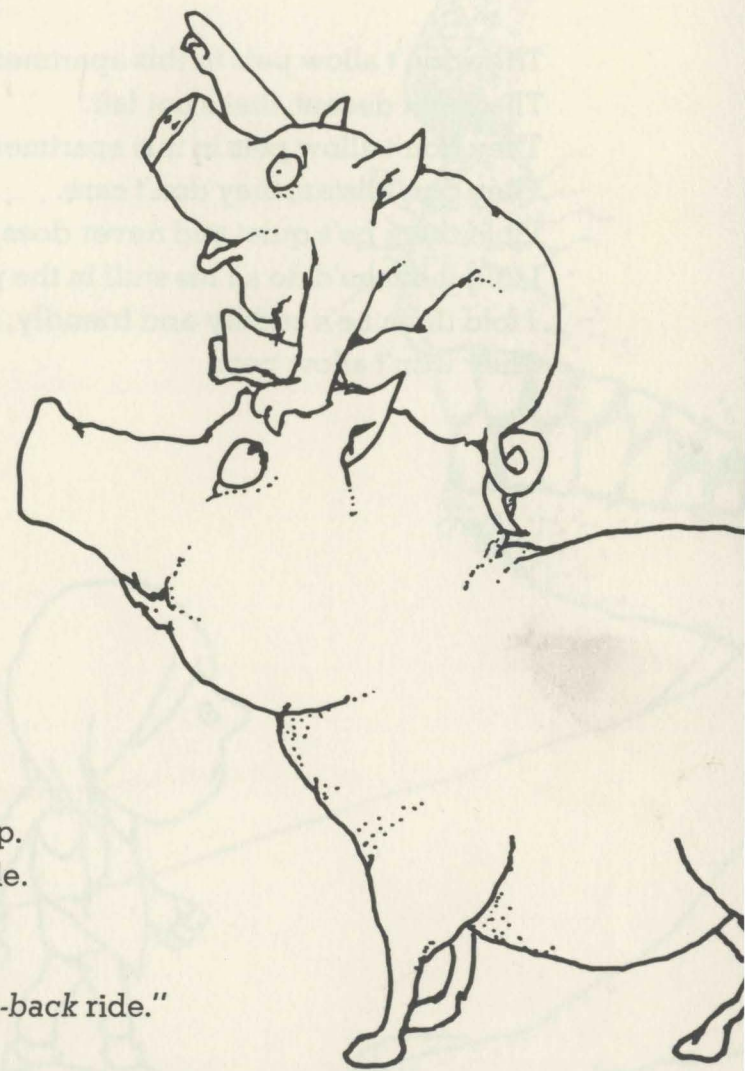
SCALE

If I could only see the scale,
I'm sure that it would state
That I've lost ounces . . . maybe pounds
Or even tons of weight.
"You'd better eat some pancakes—
You're skinny as a rail."
I'm sure that's what the scale would say . . .
If I could see the scale.



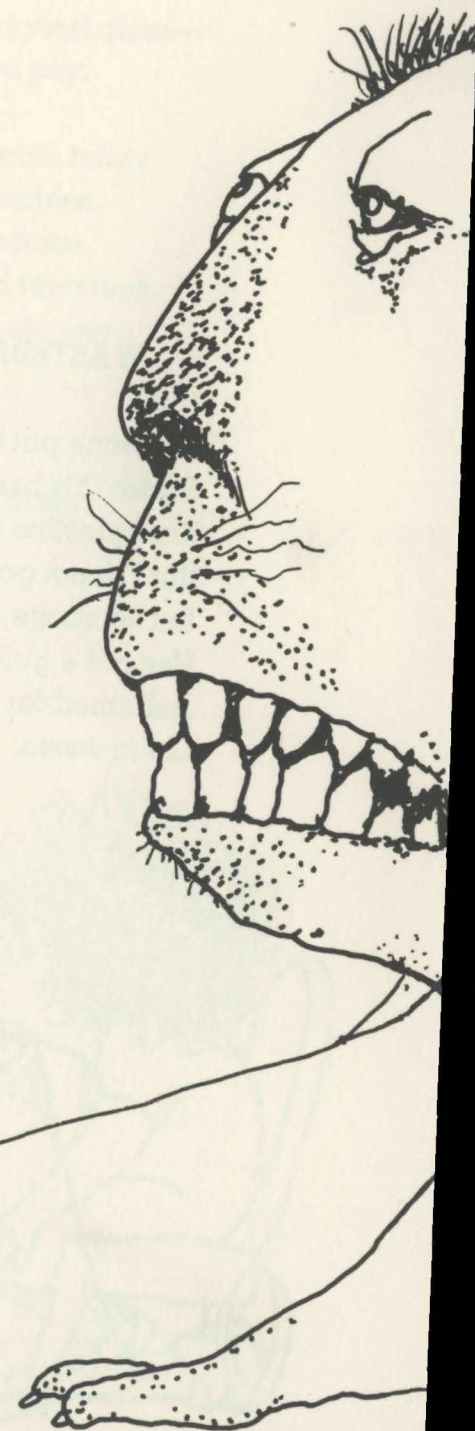
LITTLE PIG'S TREAT

Said the pig to his pop,
"There's the candy shop.
Oh, please let's go inside.
And I promise I won't
Make a *kid* of myself
If you give me a people-back ride."



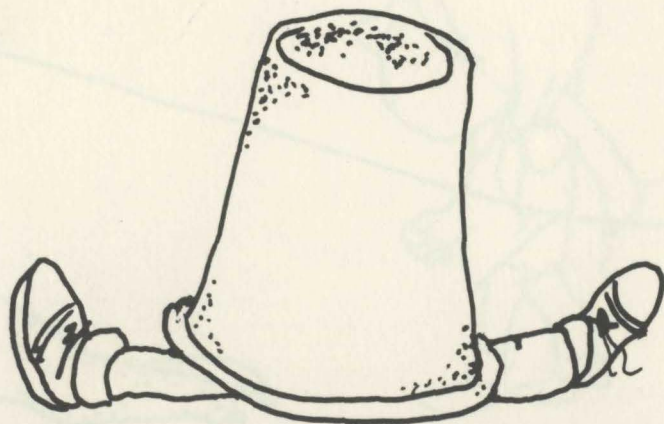
UNFAIR

They don't allow pets in this apartment.
That's not decent, that's not fair.
They don't allow pets in this apartment.
They don't listen, they don't care.
I told them he's quiet and never does bark,
I told them he'd do all his stuff in the park,
I told them he's cuddly and friendly, and yet—
They won't allow pets.



WASTEBASKET BROTHER

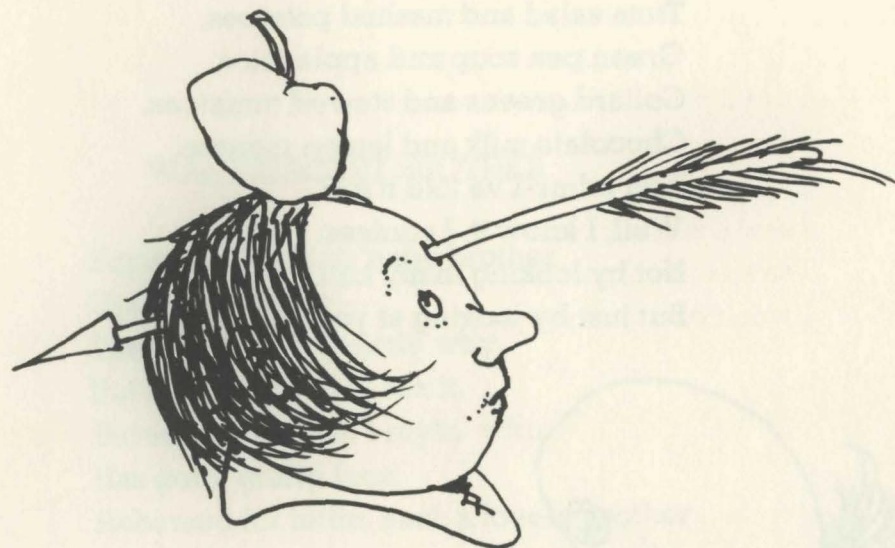
Someone put their baby brother
Under this basket—
The question is exactly why,
But I'm not going to ask it.
But someone, I ain't sayin' who,
Has got a guilty face,
Ashamed for lettin' such a lovely brother
Go to waste.



CRYSTAL BALL

Come see your life in my crystal glass—
Twenty-five cents is all you pay.
Let me look into your past—
Here's what you had for lunch today:
Tuna salad and mashed potatoes,
Green pea soup and apple juice,
Collard greens and stewed tomatoes,
Chocolate milk and lemon mousse.
You admit I've told it all?
Well, I know it, I confess,
Not by looking in my ball,
But just by looking at your dress.





ADVICE

William Tell, William Tell,
Take your arrow, grip it well,
There's the apple—aim for the middle—
Oh well . . . you just missed by a *little*.

NOPE

I put a piece of cantaloupe
Underneath the microscope.
I saw a million strange things sleepin',
I saw a zillion weird things creepin',
I saw some green things twist and bend—
I won't eat cantaloupe again.

